ROOM AT THE TOP.

There is always room at the top, boys,
Whatever your calling may be,
So be ready to climb with a will, boys,
When a stepping-stone you see.

Don't loiter along by the way, boys,
Till somebody else gets ahead,
And you see him gather the prizes
That might have been yours instead.

There are honors enough to go round, boys,
Then be sure that you win your share;
And fame has always a laurel wreath
For the noblest and bravest to wear.

And don't be pushing and cheating, boys,
Be honest, upright and true,
And be sure you deal with all men
As you'd have them deal with you.

And be ready to help a brother;
If his steps are feeble and slow,
Take his hand where the path is roughest,
And show him which way to go.

There is always room at the top, boys,
And the smartest will win the day;
Then let each year with its chances,
Be a step in your upward way.
—C. E. B., in Christian Work.

A Real Daughter of the Revolution

By CAROLINE GEBHARDT.

CHAPTER IV.

A QUARREL.

Jane's eyes, when they recognized him, flashed with anger. Godfrey Worthington here, one of this mob who had overridden her father's premises, had destroyed his property, and might, for aught they cared, have slain the members of his household!

One of the mob, did she say? Nay, was it not likely that he was their leader—their instigator—the one who had brought them here? She saw it all now. His visits that day had been but to spy upon her guests, with this very object in view. A note from Mary, indeed. It was but a mere blind!

Meanwhile the solitary horseman was having a pretty hot fight upon his hands. When the Americans retreated, most of the British force gave them chase, and Godfrey was left upon the field with some half-dozen opponents, whom his accomplished horsemanship and his deft use of rifle and sword enabled him to keep at bay. All would have gone well had not an English captain, as he was about to enter the woods with a company of men, turned and seen the conflict. Calling to his soldiers to follow him, he ran to the rescue.

Seeing that he was about to be surrounded, young Worthington attempted to repeat his dash of the morning, but he was too late. Already the British were upon three sides of him, and his only recourse was to back his horse towards the house and thus fight off all comers. Turning his head as he backed towards the porch, he saw standing within its columns Jane.

"My God, Jane," he cried, in a voice in which commingled sharp command and earnest entreaty, "get within the house. You are in danger here."

Jane gazed at him with such cold scorn that, had not the young man been so much heated by his exertions, he must have been frozen stiff.

"Go, go," he supplicated again. "You will be shot if you remain."

But Jane disdainfully held her ground, and Godfrey was forced to turn his attention from her to his antagonists. Taking advantage of his momentary preoccupation, they were pressing him close. The little captain, a bantam of a man, made a pass at him with his sword that barely missed its work. Bending from his saddle, the American, with an adroit blow of his sword, knocked the weapon from the other's grasp and, catching him by the collar, dragged him up in front of him.

Holding him thus, though the other kicked and squirmed and swore in language not choice for Jane's ears, he held him as a shield while he maneuvered his horse, backing and sidling and seeking an avenue of escape.

The soldiers, afraid to fire lest they should hit their captain, and lost too, as all soldiers are except American, without a leader upon the ground to tell them what to do, held their weapons in readiness but used them not, while the captain, sputtering and twisting and writhing, tried in vain to loose the grasp of iron which held him.

Thrusting his sword through his saddle-strap and taking his pistol from his belt with his left hand, the American circled his horse, firing as he did so. In the momentary demoralization that followed, when each of the soldiers felt that he was the target, Godfrey had time to dash away, and though bullets sped after him they did not serve to slacken his progress.

Jane, left alone upon the porch, without further notice being taken of her presence there, felt unreasonable resentment that it should be so.

"Traitorous spy," she said to herself, "little would he care were I slain if he might accomplish his dastardly ends."

The brilliancy had died out of the scene. The outbuildings which had been ablaze were either smouldering or completely out. The only building which had burned to the ground, and which was the one that had accidentally been set afire by the invaders, was a supplementary stable in which had been quartered many of the British horses that could not find accommodations in the main stable. In breaking open the door and releasing the horses a torch had caught the straw in a stall and the conflagration ensued.

The handful of soldiers who had been left upon the premises went about gathering up the camp equipage, which had been badly scattered in the melee, and caring for the wounded comrades who had been left behind in the general pursuit of the Americans. Jane ordered these carried into the house, and made cots for them in the wide hall, turning the residence into a temporary hospital.

She had just finished breakfast when an orderly arrived with a note from Bessemer, filled with grateful appreciation of her hospitality to him and his men, and with regret that it should have caused her to be the victim of an unmannerly invasion by a horde of ruthless desperadoes, upon whose trail he and his soldiers were then hot.

Jane thought it a most mannerly note, and if some of the sentences were so fulsome as to almost draw from her a smile, she was yet accustomed to such gallantries, having spent two winters in Charleston with her mother's Hugenot relatives, mingling in that polite society whose daily conversation was a shower of bouquets; though, indeed, sometimes the bouquets were made of flowers which pricked.

She could not but contrast Bessemer's polished deference with Worthington's more abrupt ways. What had her stepmother so often termed Godfrey—a rude boor? And she, Jane, had ever come to his defense; yet what thanks did she get? He would have roasted her alive in her father's house without a qualm in order that he and his lawless band might slaughter those who were her guests.

The next few days, after Bessemer had sent to take away his wounded and she had no longer their care to occupy her, were lonely ones for Jane. She was tempted to follow the advice her stepmother had given her before leaving home and send for some of her girl friends to keep her company, but the mail brought her such unfavorable news of her father's condition that she had little heart for the entertainment of guests, and, moreover, the war had either estranged or separated from her those whom she liked best.

Even her own Aunt Susannah, to whom her heart turned more warmly than to any of her other relatives and whose affection for herself she could not doubt, had vowed never to step her foot within her brother-in-laws's door as long as his Tory wife was its mistress. This rupture was brought about by one of those caustic speeches for which Jane's stepmother had no little reputation in the neighborhood.

Jane knew her aunt too well not to realize that she would keep her word; but if she would not come to Jane, at least Jane might go to her, so one morning she ordered the carriage and set out for her Uncle Elijah's in no little state, for, though her stepmother had taken the gilded coach with its painted panels and its six black horses to Charleston that she might impress her royalist friends there and overawe her husband's first wife's relatives, yet the equipage in which Jane set forth with its maroon cushions and its two negroes on the box seat in their white-and-maroon livery made an attractive appearance.

The sunlight flashed on its polished lamps and turned into gold such of the hair of its fair occupant as could be seen under her beribboned bonnet. On the front seat facing her sat Aunt Rachel and Mammy Anne. Jane, always a kind and considerate mistress, had not the heart to make a visit to their old home without taking with her as many of her Uncle Elijah's former retainers as she could. Neither of the men upon the box seat was a regular Ellery coachman. One was Gabriel and the other was Absalom, who had been her Uncle Elijah's footman until the reverses came.

The faces of the darkies beamed with satisfaction, except that of Jane's black mammy, who resented having her drive with her mistress shared by Aunt Rachel. In truth, no little jealousy existed between the two old women, and their mistress' affection was the bone of contention.

The day was as brilliant as brilliant could be—filled, indeed, with that sparkling brilliance never seen save after a hard storm, for the night before there had been another of those South Carolina tempests which, having its birth in the sea, augmented its force as it swept across the marshes and threshed itself out among the woods.

The two stout gray horses had all they could do to draw the ponderous vehicle, and they had not traversed more than a third of the distance to her aunt's before Jane began to realize that she had made a mistake in her choice of coachmen. Gabriel was only a house servant, unused to horses, while Absalom, though a dapper, graceful and sprightly footman, did not compare as a driver with her own Uncle Timothy.

The carriage was rolling along the edge of a piece of woodland, the low-hanging branches sweeping its top and the mingled odors of wild flowers and damp mold drowsing the senses of its occupants, when out from among the trees galloped a horseman. As Jane's eyes fell upon him she straightened up from her lounging attitude against the cushions, while over her face spread an expression so forbidding that it made her look ten years older—but, alas, she did not know it.

"Ah, Jane," Capt. Worthington cried, reining up his horse beside her carriage with the confident air of an old friend, "I am in luck to-day. I have longed to see you since our assault of the other night to—"

If Jane's head could have reared itself higher, it would. "I should think," she observed, "that Capt. Worthington might at least have the decency not to refer to his ruffianly behavior. Absalom, drive on."

"Jane," the captain cried again, "you must permit me to explain. It—"

"Explain? And what, pray, is there to explain? I am not so dull that I need have it explained to me how Capt. Worthington used his knowledge of my father's premises to spy upon my guests, nor how he forged a note in his sister's name to give some color of excuse to his presence there."

"Forged?" the captain gasped.

"And as for what followed, while I know that it must have disappoint-

HE DUG HIS SPURS INTO HIS HORSE AND DASHED RECKLESSLY THRO' THE WOODS.

ed you that your plot did not so far succeed as to enable you to burn alive in our beds my guests and myself, yet if you could have heard the moans and seen the wounds of the half score poor soldiers whom I had carried into my house and could have viewed the destruction wrought to my father's property, methinks you might have felt that you had just cause for elation and that you still merited the appellation of spy, bandit and midnight assassin in which I understand you and your henchmen take such well-earned pride."

Young Worthington's expression, at first astonished and then flecked with amusement, had flamed into anger as she proceeded.

"Madam, I congratulate you upon being so apt a pupil of Col. Bessemer. The terms which you have just used are a few of the milder epithets which, I understand, he applies to myself and that band of brave patriots with whom I have the honor to fight for my country. Had I known that Col. Bessemer was an honored and welcome guest instead of being, as I presumed he was, an intruder upon your hospitality, I would have been more loath than I was to make the attack which I felt my duty to make. While I feared that some destruction of your father's property might ensue, I flattered myself that by relieving you of the presence of Bessemer's firebrands and looters—appellations which, I assure you, they have earned quite as industriously as we have our pseudonymes—we might be doing you a service that would in a measure recompense for the loss; but it seems I was mistaken, and that Col. Bessemer is justified in the boasts he has made of the handsome entertainment he received at the home of his betrothed, 'the beautiful Jane Ellery,' to whom his troth was plighted, so he says, in Philadelphia town these three years past."

Jane's treacherous color fled at these last astounding words, and then came back with a brave rush. "'Tis easy," she remarked disdainfully, "to place false speech upon the tongue of the absent. I congratulate you upon the facility with which you have placed it upon Col. Bessemer's," and with that she drew down the curtain to the window on the side next Capt. Worthington, thus shutting out that wrathy warrior.

The soldier reared his horse back upon his haunches while his breath came hard and the healthy ruddiness of his skin gave place to an angry pallor. An insult! such an insult, and from Jane! Had it been from a man, he would have dragged him from the carriage and wiped up the earth with him, but— To first doubt his word and then drop the curtain, as though she had slammed a door in his face! Really, it was too much! He dug his spurs into his horse—that pampered animal that seldom knew a touch which was not gentle—and dashed recklessly through the woods. It was well that his mount was as good a forester as he, else they must have come to grief.

As for Jane, she drove on with her brain in a whirl. What had Godfrey meant by attributing such speech to Col. Bessemer? Pah, it was but some idle gossip which those bandits with whom he associated had picked up at some wayside inn.

She was too experienced in such matters not to have read the sincerity of Col. Bessemer's admiration for herself underneath his ornate speeches and too ardent glances. That he thought her beautiful she could not doubt. Most men did. Even when she was but a raw schoolgirl of 16 in Philadelphia he had singled her out for marked attention during his stay in the city.

True, he had brought letters of introduction to her stepmother's brother, of whose household she was an inmate, and being made welcome with that cordiality which the tories of Philadelphia showered upon the British officers, he spent much of his time at her uncle's house, which accounted, doubtless, for the courtesies he paid her. She had been new to such things then, and she could not deny that his red coat and gold lace, his London manners, and the high esteem in which he was so evidently held by his superior officers had touched her girlish fancy and made her heart flutter not a little.

When the fortunes of war took him away from the city, he had left her with many expressions of undying devotion, and she had believed him. But with the lapse of time it had grown to be a matter neither for surprise nor resentment with her that he had apparently forgotten all about her the moment he was out of her sight, and that she had heard not one word from him, although she had heard much of him, until he had appeared at her home the other day.

It had amused her a little then to note that Bessemer had been willing to make all out of their former acquaintance that he could, and to impress his officers that there had been more between them in Philadelphia than there was. She could easily understand that from this might have arisen some idle gossip which had been exaggerated by the time it reached Godfrey's ears into the words he had repeated to her. That the young American had deliberately lied or that he had even amplified the tale in its telling she knew him too well to believe; but she had been angry enough with him to be willing to give him any slap in the face which came handy, and she was too much a woman to worry herself over injustice.

It was a pity Godfrey could not read her thoughts, for then he might have picked his way through the woods with more care and might not have forced his horse to crash through underbrush that scratched its flanks and tore his own buckskin leggings.

He had gone perhaps a mile in this reckless fashion when a thought struck him that made him rein in his steed and sent the color from his face with as much swiftness as had Jane's cruel stabs awhile back. Good God, if he should be too late! Why had he not thought of it before? He turned his horse about and retraced his way with even more speed, but at the same time with more care, than that with which he had come.

[To Be Continued.]

SHE WAS NOT DUCKED.

Convincing Argument in Defense of a Troublesome Shrew in Colonial Days.

An honored parson of old Newbury, Massachusetts, had a shrewish wife, who led him a life of it, relates the Youth's Companion. His parishioners more than once beheld their pastor fleeing from his own door pursued by a hurtling saucepan. Occasionally the irate woman refused to allow visitors to enter her house, and emphasized her refusal by turning a key on the poor man in his study, through the windows of which he was ignominiously driven to confer with his deacons on church affairs. The climax was capped when one day passers-by were horrified to hear a woman's sobs and moans, interspersed with piteous cries of:

"Don't strike me, sir! Oh, don't strike me!"

But the worm had not turned, and the parson had not struck. It was merely his ingenious consort's latest way of making her husband uncomfortable.

A half-century earlier, and perhaps, minister's lady though she was, this notable shrew would have stood in danger of the ducking-stool; as things were, if she were not the edifying exemplar of all the virtues she was expected to be, she could at least serve the parish as an awful warning.

A colonial shrew of another town who really was threatened with the ducking-stool, was once saved by a plea in which the value of such a warning was definitely alleged.

"You wish to duck Ann Willot to cure her of scolding!" her defender declared. "Now if she be not cured where is the gain of ducking her? And if she be cured, all the women who now keep a guard over their tongues through distaste to be likened to such a known, notorious and contemptful scold as Ann, will do so no longer; but, although it is not like any should become such as she, yet all will scold a little more than now they do, the check of her example being removed. Now it is better that Ann, being a single woman, without family to afflict, should go unpunished and unducked, but despised by all, and wag her tongue as she will standing therein for the whole town, that she should be silenced, and the tongues of other women run more free."

This argument seems to have prevailed, for Ann Willot was never ducked.

Spoiling a Phrase.

In her "Letters from the Holy Land" Lady Butler protested vigorously, although vainly, against the introduction of railways into Palestine. Every yard of that small and beautiful country is precious in her eyes, and that its echoes should be awakened by a snorting locomotive is, she believes, abhorrent to reverent persons. She scores a point with her statement that an express-train could run in two hours "from Dan to to Beersheba," which cuts down significance of the familiar association of the two places so that there seems to be nothing left.